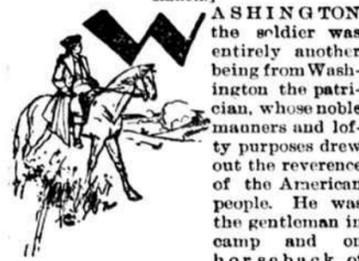


WASHINGTON IN WAR

MILITARY DEEDS THAT PROVE HIS BREADTH AND GENIUS.

He Knew the Temper of the Revolution—Was the Leader of the People in the Crisis of the Conflict—Never Lost an Army.

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WASHINGTON the soldier was entirely another being from Washington the patrician, whose noble manners and lofty purposes drew out the reverence of the American people. He was the gentleman in camp and on horseback, of course, but the gentleman with the native nonsense taken out of him by contact with the rough side of life. Like one of the modern blue bloods translated from Oxford or Harvard to the wild scenes of the plains, he had learned before called to the high command to respect men for manhood alone, for physical strength and courage, for loyalty and endurance. Braddock despised the Virginia provincials whom Washington, then a young staff officer, proposed to throw around the ambushed army at Monongahela for a defense. But Washington knew his men and knew the value of bush fighting in that border warfare. He saved the haughty English from total massacre. So, later, the British officers despised the ragged and unmilitary rebels who dared stand before the trained battalions of Europe. Washington had served with British officers and had learned to estimate the prowess of British troops. His faith in the ultimate triumph of the rebels was practical, not sentimental. He won the fight by hard work, not by luck, nor yet by the favor of the gods.

When Virginia was discussing what she should do to assist Boston in her fight with the British, Colonel Washington said, "If need be, I will raise 1,000 men, subsidize them at my own expense and march them to the relief of Boston." He had in mind the mountaineers and hunters of the Virginia borders, whom he knew and who knew him. When Patrick Henry uttered before the continental congress the burning appeal ending with the words, "Give me liberty or give me death," Washington stood calmly by, dressed in his uniform of colonel, with his sword buckled on ready to march at the word.

It was a bold hand that the Virginia colonel put to the task of making soldiers out of militia and minutemen. The troops at Cambridge were chiefly New Englanders, who were rebels against all authority as smacking of kingly rule. He gave them to understand that the war was not to be simply a holiday of thrashing the hated redcoats, but a long struggle, where patriotism and loyalty must be tried in the fire. Incompetent and dishonest officers were cashiered, although they had been elected by the men. His firmness and habit of order drew the admiration of the best element, and he found such New Englanders as Stark, the Green mountain ranger; Putnam, the Connecticut farmer and Greene, the studious Rhode Island mechanic, ready to stand by every act for the discipline of the army.

Washington's first campaign, the siege of Boston, was attended with all manner of difficulties. He had to create a navy to cope with British ships, to satisfy the stay at home counselors of the colonies, who, like most stay at homes, were full of fight, and more than once found his plans thwarted by a council of his chief officers upon whom he depended to lead in attacks. Meanwhile the commander was busy with grand strategy. He sent Arnold and Montgomery to Canada, a brilliant move, but one that came to disaster through the untimely death of Montgomery and the wounding of Arnold. At the end of six months, three of them winter months at that, from the time he had an army fit for action Boston was clear of the British for good.

After Boston the points of importance were Philadelphia and New York, both more exposed to naval attacks than Boston, the cradle of the rebellion. The colonies had next to no navy, and Washington entered upon a defensive warfare to keep the British on the coast and prolong the struggle until the enemy was worn out or outside help should come. Bringing the army to New York, Washington yielded nothing without a fight, but at the same time saved his strength for better purposes than the attempt to defend untenable ground. New York was bound to fall to the British, but he saw to it that it was not made a base for operations in the Hudson river valley, which would cut the colonies in two. He fought some lively battles, or skirmishes rather, which raised the hopes of his soldiers and of the colonial people. The rebels could stand before the redcoats one to five and give a good account of themselves. West Point was made a bulwark against British advance up the Hudson.

So far Washington had clung to the defensive in his new field. Next he entered upon a double line of strategy—to hold on to New England while keeping the British from controlling New Jersey and the Delaware river as a new base for cutting the colonies in two. With but 8,000 poorly clad and half starved troops he took position in Pennsylvania behind the Delaware, in December, 1776. General Charles Lee, the second in command, had a larger

army in the field, but refused to cooperate with Washington. Congress abandoned Philadelphia and appointed Washington dictator. Lee was captured while sleeping far outside his lines, and these events raised Washington upon a pedestal in the eyes of the soldiers and the people. The military power of the Revolution centered in him. There soon followed the brilliant stroke at Trenton and Princeton. In these affairs he took the greatest chances, and both were nearly lost by the failures of his combinations, the most delicate plans in war. But Washington came out of them victorious by the display of the highest courage. His tactics at Trenton and Princeton, as well as at Brandywine and Germantown in the same field, are open to criticism, but in each case the situation called for action and Washington was forced to risk much upon the fidelity and ability of his generals. The net result of the Trenton and Princeton campaign was to free New Jersey of the British, except the northeast corner, and save Philadelphia for a time.

Washington settled down for the winter at Morristown with only 1,000 long service troops, but when spring opened in 1777 he had an army of 7,000 under able generals. The British divided the attention of the revolutionists by moving on Philadelphia from the Chesapeake bay and from Canada down Lake Champlain toward Albany. For defense of the north Washington sent Daniel Morgan and his Virginia riflemen to Albany and appealed to the New York and New England patriots to arise and meet the invader. With his own army he kept Howe occupied around Philadelphia, although he lost the battle of Brandywine and Germantown. After the surrender of Burgoyne at Saratoga he asked for the continental troops serving with the army there under Gates to come to his aid in securing the forts on the Delaware, and thus cut Howe off from direct communications with the sea. They were not sent, and the Dela-

commander another cruel blow. "He had trusted the brilliant soldier of Quebec and Saratoga and given him that opportunity to betray the citadel of the Hudson valley."

But the nerve of the warrior leader was not to be shaken now that the hour had come for a decisive blow. The troops of Rochambeau united with the continental forces gave him for the first time in the war an army. The fleet also gave the needed sea power to attack where the British were strongest, along the coast. The main British army was in the south under Cornwallis. Washington sent Greene to the south with orders not to fight for positions, but to draw Cornwallis northward. Morgan was also in the south with his Virginians. Both these brilliant soldiers, the mountaineer and the blacksmith, had been driven from the service by the ingratitude of congress, but Washington's appeal caused them to buckle on their swords for the last cast. Lafayette was sent to Virginia with an army, and after a useless chase Cornwallis retired to the seaboard at Yorktown.

Washington left strong garrisons on the Hudson, and with about 7,000 soldiers threatened to attack New York. He hovered within striking distance, gradually moving southward, and reaching New Brunswick made a forced march to the head of the Chesapeake. By water the army was transported to the York, and with the aid of the French fleet and the troops on shipboard the allies laid siege to Yorktown. They outnumbered the British, and reinforcements for Cornwallis were cut off by the French ships. Yorktown fell, a triumph of strategy. Washington struck the enemy where he was weak with the most men, but it was only by the most skillful planning that he caught his enemy in position favorable for the blow. The result showed Washington's genius in holding on to New Jersey and in risking all to keep the enemy near the seaboard preserving an open road

THE HERO AS HE WAS

WASHINGTON THE MAN OBCURED BY TRADITION AND INVENTION.

Absurdity of the Claims of His Human Perfection—He Had Redeeming Vices and Was a Superb Man Physically, Morally and Mentally.

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O MAN born in this land certainly has ever been so much injured by excessive praise, by ridiculous exaggeration, as George Washington. Having been represented as an orthodox saint, as the incarnation of goody goodyism, so incessantly, a natural reaction was the result. The carping, critical public led the opposition after a time and began to sneer at and underrate his memory. There never has been such a personage, such a creature, as George Washington was portrayed. He was pre-herman, he was absolutely perfect; common sense people would not accept him. Nevertheless, even a century after his death he is not at all understood by any great number of his compatriots. He has been so incrustated with traditions, so overlaid with theories, that few glimpses of his native character struggle into light.

The bulk of Americans today seem to think that Washington was as popular at his renomination for the presidency as when first presented for the suffrages of the newborn nation. They appear so ignorant of their own history as not to know that he then met with the intensest resistance; that he only consented to stand again by the warmest persuasions of personal and political friends of all parties. During the campaign he was slandered and vilified as much as almost any presidential candidate has been in later times. Within a few years he has been judged as if he were virtually one of our contemporaries. It has been repeatedly said in disparagement of him that he was an Englishman who chanced to be born in America. There were no representative Americans that saw the light here 160 years ago. They could have been then little else than geographical Americans. Washington was one of the genuine Americans of his day, one of the most advanced of his period.

Stripping aside the prejudice for and against the Father of His Country, as he well deserved to be called, we are enabled to see him as nature arrayed him, and he looks and is the better, because the truer, for it. He never needed any false adornments, any silver spangles. He was an altogether natural, human, harmonious, well balanced, most remarkable man, particularly fitted to the time. Above everything he was practical.

The ultra pious have routinely accused everybody who declined to admit that Washington was not a strict Episcopalian, a regular church attendant and communicant, a severe Sabbatarian. But the latest investigations prove just the contrary. Sunday was always the day on which he wrote private letters, prepaid his invoices, entertained company, closed land purchases, sold wheat and, while a Virginia planter, went fox hunting. Nevertheless, like most conscientious persons, he respected the scruples of others in regard to the day. When trying to get some servants, he wrote, "If they be good workmen, they may be Europeans, Asians, Africans, Jews, Mohammedans, Christians of any denomination or atheists." He was in complete sympathy with the widest religious toleration. Gouverneur Morris, who was what was then held to be an infidel, was believed by Washington to agree with him in creed. He threw his influence in favor of religion, often attended the Episcopal church and kept his belief, if he had any, an inviolable secret. He was very much what thousands of the very best and most enlightened men are everywhere today, the very reverse of a sectarian.

Albeit a slaveholder—he had, it is said, 300 slaves, most of whom came to him through his marriage with the rich Widow Custis—he was never in favor of slavery. He was ready whenever the time was ripe to use his entire influence against it. He may not have had a high opinion of negroes, but he was always a good, kind master.

Of moderate education, he was intelligent, observing, attentive, generous, charitable, thrifty. In spite of occasional losses he was successful in business. When he died, his property was valued, exclusive of his wife's and the Mount Vernon estate, at \$530,000. He was, like the Virginian of his day, particularly social and ever enjoyed his friends. Grave and quiet in general company, he was often gay, even jovial, with a few intimates. He relished lively conversation, though taking little part in it. He often laughed, appreciated jokes, was very fond of dancing and even of amateur theatricals. He was not at all cold, formal, reserved, haughty, as represented, though not, perhaps, genial or wholly easy, which was outside of his temperament. He was always dignified, careful of his dress—indeed in his early life considered a dandy.

As Washington was made absurd by all manner of cheap virtues he has been charged from youth to his closing years with overfondness for women, which seems to be unfounded. No doubt he had a general liking for pretty women, but so far as evidence can be adduced he did not carry it beyond bounds. He was repeatedly censured for flagrant disloyalty to his wife, accused of having many mistresses of various grades. Criminating letters have been constant-

ly quoted from him as "them, but they have not been produced. It is highly improbable they would not have been seen had they been in existence. Having many enemies, military and political, they chose that form of slander as most likely to be believed. Those stories are still heard, with every circumstance and detail, but they are hardly credited. Washington was rather wary of the sex and is not thought to have exposed himself to suspicion or temptation.

A great point was made against his connubial fidelity because there is reason to think that his wife was a bit jealous. Jealous wives, it is well known, have in all ages been oftener jealous without cause than with cause. Martha Washington has been nearly as much idealized as her husband. She was in no sense extraordinary. She was below the medium size, very sociable, stubborn, hot tempered, overfond, rather pretty, without any excess of good sense, independent of the rules of spelling, perfectly well bred, polite and kind. When only 16, he was while staying at Lord Fairfax's sentimentally interested in Mary Cary. He became enamored of Mary Phillippe, aged 25, a daughter of Frederick Phillipse, one of the largest landed proprietors of the New York colony, but she declined his proposals. He is declared by some to have been in love with one of the friends of his wife. He corresponded with her and Sally Carlyle, another Fairfax daughter, but they were only correspondents and of the platonic kind. It is evident, however, from all the revealed circumstances of his early life that he was never in danger of dying a bachelor.

So much has been written of Washington's campaigns that very little truth has been told of him as a man. While not a military strategist—nor did he assume to be—his Revolution was not conducted by strategy. The great problem was to keep an army in the field, and this Washington did. The British could and did repeatedly beat the continental army, though they could not beat their commander. So long as he was in the field he could get together all the fighting spirit there was. He was a natural soldier, having inherited the disposition from his Indian fighting great-grandfather and his elder brother Lawrence. He was noted for fearlessness under all circumstances and an outspoken scorn of aught like cowardice. Indeed he had no comprehension of it. He was far from faultless. He could and did swear roundly on occasion and had a violent temper, commonly under control, which now and then burst all bounds. He had the greatest self discipline. He seemed calm and passionless, but his intimates knew him as he was. He was in no peril from spoiling by goodness. Not only was he one of the first great Americans, but one of the staunchest of staunch republicans, despite the constant talk of his leaning toward monarchy.

JUNIUS HENRI BROWNE.

Washington at Forty-three.

George Washington was 43 when he



ware line was lost. Washington went into camp at Valley Forge. He had been the victim of a base conspiracy to undermine his power, but kept up his own spirit and that of his men during that trying time by looking for aid from France. Lafayette had joined him at Philadelphia, and during the winter the treaty of alliance was signed.

Early in the spring General Howe resigned the British command at Philadelphia, and his successor, Clinton, evacuated the city, taking the army to New York. Seeing a chance to cripple the British on the march, Washington planned an attack at Monmouth and was robbed of a brilliant victory by the treachery of Charles Lee, who had returned from captivity to his command. In that battle Washington displayed again the qualities of a fighting general. Like Napoleon, he dashed to the front to cheer on and direct his men. At the same time he did not give way to battle frenzy, although he lost his temper over the contemptible conduct of Lee. Lafayette proved a hero, boy that he was.

While the alliance with France came in good time to cheer on the revolutionists, it increased the difficulties of the commander in chief. Without the

French navy there was little hope of success, but the French admirals had their own views of the plan of action. Furthermore, the revolutionists expected too much of the French, and another task was laid upon Washington's shoulders—to keep his people to their work. Besides planning campaigns he was forced to do the work of a national leader, a leader hearing upon his sword the fate of the country. The campaigns undertaken by the French were failures, and the British gained territory on the coast. Finally Washington asked Lafayette to go to France and secure a fleet and an army which should be under his own direction. It arrived at Newport in the summer of 1780, and while Washington was there conferring with the French leaders Arnold plotted the base treason which was to give

between the Hudson and the south. He was always within reach of the Hudson and of Maryland and Virginia. His army at its best was never the equal of the British in numbers had they been brought into action. Often they had 20,000 to 30,000 in New York, while Washington stood ward outside with less than 5,000.

GEORGE L. KILMER.

A Washington and Jefferson Anecdote.



Sir John Macdonald, the first prime minister of Canada, was fond of relating this story to illustrate the need of an upper house: "Of what use is the senate?" asked Jefferson as he stood before the fire with a cup of tea in his hand, pouring the tea into the saucer. "You have answered your own question," replied Washington. "What do you mean?" "Why do you pour that tea into the saucer?" "To cool it." "Even so," said Washington; "the tea is the saucer into which we pour legislation to cool."

drew his sword under the historic elm at Cambridge as "captain general and commander in chief" of the colonial forces. He was just the age of Julius Caesar when he took command of the army in Gaul, of Napoleon when he made the mistake of his life and started in to conquer Russia, and he was ten years older than Alexander was when he wept because there were no more worlds to conquer. Charlemagne was just his age when he overcame Wittkind, the Saxon chief, and made all Germany Christian, and the "captain general of the continentals" was just as old as was Constantine when he determined to make himself master of the world. He was as old as Sesostris, the pharaoh, when he conquered the Hittites and persecuted the children of Israel; as Hannibal when he gave up the hope of conquering Rome and left Italy to defend Carthage against Scipio.

Washington's Room.

Silent we stand beside the open door,
And all the room beyond is bathed in light—
The golden sunlight thou didst hail of yore,
The smile that kissed away the tears of night
And in its touch God's daily promise bore
A benediction that put care to flight
And gave thee strength to face the world—aye,
more,
That lit thy pathway, guiding thee aright.

How many dawns thou didst to care awake,
Each dawn attended with new hopes and fears;
Forever faithful didst thy burden take,
Praying that peace might bless the unborn years,
And for thy country and thy kindred's sake
Tolled with a patience that all earth reveres!
How many nights thy heart did well nigh break
To know thy motherland was drenched with tears!

And it was here thou didst at last find rest—
The work was done, the time had come to sleep—
The high, the humble, prosperous, oppressed,
One in their sorrow o'er thy couch did weep.
Our ceaseless gratitude by tongues professed,
But in our hearts there loth still more deep
A love which with our deeds we would attest
To prove us worthy of the trust we keep.
—Ruth Lawrence in "Colonial Verses."

HE WAS A BORN LEADER.

Interesting Reminiscences of One of Washington's Comrades in Arms.

"Washington had the stuff in him and the kind of mind that enable a man to govern and influence other men," said General William O. Butler, a son of one of the four famous "fighting Butlers" of the Revolution, himself a major general in the Mexican war and a candidate for the vice presidency who barely missed being elected. "My father knew General Washington as intimately as did any of his staff," said General Butler in 1865.

"He always said that General Washington possessed more of the qualities that go to make up a great man than any of the leading figures of the Revolution. Greene came next to Washington, he thought, in force and ability,